

MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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NO. 4.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

REAPING MACHINES.

Since the World's Fair, in consequence of McCormick taking the great Prize Medal, the subject of Reaping Machines has excited considerable attention and discussion. Until that time it was generally thought by the most of people that a reaping machine was a kind of standing throne for curious men to speculate upon, and for but those only who cultivated prairie land to use. Indeed, until a comparatively recent period, it was among the doubtful questions whether a reaping machine could be made to operate successfully anywhere. The first reaping machine that was projected in the United States, we believe, was by Samuel Adams, of Kingston, Mass. According to the Patent record, this was in 1805. We never ascertained what principles his machine was constructed. Adams had not the pecuniary means to perfect it and put it into successful operation, and all he ever reaped was a plentiful harvest of jokes, which, when quite a small boy, we used to hear his waggish neighbors crack-up him.

The great desideratum in a reaping machine, is that it shall gather and cut the grain under any common circumstances. It is no great trouble to construct a machine that will harvest grain that stands up straight, with a stiff, bright straw; but to make one that will harvest grain well, under adverse circumstances, must require a little more knowledge of mechanical principles.

M McCormick's machine has borne away the prize, and is, no doubt, a good machine—but to say, as some do, that it is the only good machine is not true. The competition was between McCormick and Hussey. Now, it so happened that Hussey, himself, was not there, and the person who had charge of his machine did not understand operating it. Many present, however, were not satisfied with the trial, and thought Hussey had not had a fair chance. After Mr. Hussey's arrival, another trial was proposed—not to compete for the Prize Medal, for that had been awarded, but to prove, as Sam Patch says, that "some things could be done as well as others," and that Hussey's machine, in the hands of one who understood it, would cut as well, to say the least, as McCormick's. Accordingly the Cleveland (England) Agricultural Society appointed a jury to test most fairly the comparative merits of McCormick's and Hussey's American Reaping Machines. The following is the report of the jury, and it seems the trial took place in a violent rain storm, one which would suppose would test the powers of the machines under the most unfavorable circumstances. The trial took place on the 25th and 26th of September last. It was agreed on by the parties interested in the respective machines, who signed an agreement by which the reapers were placed in the hands of thirteen jurors, who were directed to ascertain which of the two—

1. Cuts the corn in the best manner.
2. Causes the least waste.
3. Does the most work in a given time.
4. Leaves the corn in the best order for gathering and binding.
5. Is the best adapted for ridge and furrow.
6. Is the least liable to get out of repair.
7. At first cost is less price.
8. Requires the least amount of horse labor.
9. Requires the least amount of manual labor.

Whichever of the two, so tried, a majority of the jury ascertained to combine the greatest number of the above qualities, was to be pronounced the best implement.

The following is the substance of the report of the jury: The jury regret exceedingly the most unfavorable state of the weather on the days of trial, (a perfect hurricane raging the whole of the first day,) and their consequent inability to make full and satisfactory trial as they could have wished. The machines were tested on a crop of wheat, computed at 25 bushels per acre, very much laid, and on barley at 25 bushels per acre, very short in the straw, and if possible more laid than the wheat.

The jury, taking the different points submitted to them into consideration, express—

1. Their unanimous opinion that Mr. Hussey's machine, as exhibited by Messrs. William Dwyer and Company, cut the corn in the best manner, especially across ridge and furrow, and when the machine was working in the direction of the corn laid.
2. By a majority of eleven to one, that Mr. Hussey's machine caused the least waste.
3. Taking the breadth of the two machines into consideration, that Mr. Hussey's did most work.
4. That Mr. Hussey's machine leaves the cut corn in the best order for gathering and binding. This question was submitted to the laborers employed on the occasion, and decided by them as above, by a majority of 6 to 4.
5. Their unanimous opinion that Mr. Hussey's machine is best adapted for ridge and furrow.
6. This question was referred by the jury to Mr. Robinson, of York, a practical mechanic of acknowledged ability, who considers McCormick's machine most liable to get out of order.
7. That Mr. Hussey's machine at first cost is less price.
8. 9. The jury decline to express a decided opinion on these points, in consequence of the state of the weather.

In regard to the trial, the Gateshead Observer remarked—"One thing was clearly demonstrated by both machines—that reaping by machinery is practicable. As surely as the threshing machine has superseded the flail, so certain is it that the reaping machine will set aside the scythe and the sickle."

There are thousands of fields in Maine, where these machines can be used to good advantage, and when the culture of wheat shall become more extensive among us will be used. We believe Hussey's is also good for mowing grass.

SILK CULTURE IN MAINE.

We hear but little now of the silk culture any where in the United States, indeed, but little in the business. This state of things is not on account of any natural obstacle, but because the cheap labor in the South of Europe and India can, as our commercial arrangements now are, pour into our country silks of every description, from the raw material to the manufactured article, so much cheaper than it can be done here.

About eighteen years ago quite a stir commenced in Maine in regard to silk culture. The experiments then tried—many of them in a very haphazard manner—proved two things, viz:—1st—That the white mulberry will grow, and silk worms can be fed in Maine, and that the silk produced thereby is of excellent quality. 2d—That the business, at the present prices of labor in Maine, cannot be made so profitable as many other kinds of business.

A very few who commenced the business continue to do a little at it now. In conversation with Gen. Norcross, of Livermore, the other day, he informed us that he set out about four thousand white mulberry trees, fifteen or more years ago, on a moist, loamy soil—that they grow and flourish well, and afford abundance of leaves. He feeds a few silk worms every year, and makes a few pounds of sewing silk annually. We should like to know how many others there are in the State who continue to feed silk worms and manufacture silk among us.

UNION STORES.

An intelligent correspondent at North Yarmouth sends us a communication relative to union stores, carried on upon the principles of the New England Protective Union Society. The following facts which he furnishes in reference to these establishments will doubtless be interesting to our readers:

The whole number of Divisions now organized and enjoying the advantages of trade adopted by said Society is two hundred and ninety-eight—perhaps more, as some may not yet have reported. A store was located in this town in February, 1850. Companies are now organized in Windham, North Yarmouth, (this was the second in Maine, and is numbered 111.) Casco, Naples, Raymond, Poland, Freeport, New Gloucester and Brunswick, in Cumberland County; one in Leeds, (there may be more,) in Kennebec County; also in Biddeford, Saco, South Berwick and Ellsworth.

As we have the most experience of any in Maine, reference is often made to us for information relative to the operation of the principle. The way we took hold in this (and more) forty men, say let us pay each ten dollars, (and more if they choose to take hold,) into a fund for the purpose of buying daily necessities, and the same are put into a store to be managed by ourselves. Fifty paid—amount of capital \$500. We were organized by an agent from the Central Division, located in Boston. Our officers were chosen, a shop secured, goods purchased, and a store opened.

The principle of trade is to pay down: to have the goods at cost in Boston, adding transportation, and generally five per cent. to insiders, and ten per cent. to outsiders; and by this plan we have gone on up to the present time, doing a good business, and causing a great change in the whole country round about here, as to prices, &c. In the selling of \$8,000 or \$10,000 worth of goods yearly, our people are gainers, over the old principle, of at least 5 to 10 per cent. What is of great value to any community, they do not get, trusted, get used, go to jail, cover up property, &c. They have no need of that—they settle as they go along.

We find it a great convenience in the selling of eggs, beans, butter, and in fact almost all articles that the farmer sells, through the General Agency in Boston.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE TO PROMOTE AGRICULTURE?

MR. EDITOR:—A question heretofore agitated to some extent is, What ought the Legislature to do to favor the agricultural interests of our beloved State? Their practice has been to appoint a Committee on Agriculture, which has but little business before it compared with other Committees.

Some persons have recommended an Agricultural Board, of a member from each County Society in the State, formed in a manner similar to our Board of Education, who shall employ a Commissioner to lecture on the subject in different parts of the State. Others, it may be, favor the forming of an Agricultural Society.

By possibility, still others think that the State should employ a person learned in chemistry, geology and the nature of soils, to lecture in such parts of the State as will give farmers an opportunity of hearing.

A motion was prepared and actually laid before one of the Agricultural Societies in this State, at the close of their last Show and Fair, but the Society took no action on it, on account of the lateness of the hour, and the fewness of the members present. This motion was in substance as follows:

Moved to instruct our President and Trustees to petition the Legislature, in behalf of our Agricultural Society, for an appropriation of money from the State Treasury, either absolutely or conditionally, to pay some person suitably learned in the sciences of chemistry and geology, so far as the same may be used in aid of Agriculture, to lecture in the principal villages in our county. Also, to instruct our Corresponding Secretary to send a circular to each Agricultural Society in the State, soliciting their co-operation.

As is stated above, those present thought best not to act on this motion—still, all who spoke approved the object. The foregoing remarks are offered through the medium of your worthy paper, for the consideration of all who feel interested in the honorable employment of cultivating the soil.

That something encouraging to agriculture should be done, few will deny. The "right thing" to be done, it seems more difficult to point out. Now, good Doctor, perhaps you, or some of your numerous correspondents, can tell precisely what to desire of our Legislature on this subject; if so, let it be forthcoming immediately, as it will before long be out of season to address them at the present session.

FLOOR CLOTH PRINTING.

MR. EDITOR:—To the curious, and those interested in the progress of the manufactures of the country, a visit to the extensive Floor Cloth Manufacturing of Col. E. E. Rice, of Hallowell, would afford much pleasure. The establishment appears to be conducted with systematic skill—the carpets from it are of the best quality, and of high finish.

The ordinary mode of printing these carpets, is by blocks, upon which the figure is cut, in parts, the color of each part upon a separate block, making as many blocks as colors, which are applied successively. A good workman will put on about 2000 blocks in a day of ten hours work; the labor of which, computed by weight, would astonish the workmen themselves. For instance, the blocks weigh 12 lbs. each, which lifted 2000 times is 24,000 lbs. Then each block is settled into its place by an average of four blows from a mallet weighing say six pounds, which is equal to 48,000 lbs., which, added to the preceding, amounts to 72,000 lbs. moved by each man.

This amount of labor the Colonel has, by his skill and liberal expenditures in the construction of a floor cloth printing press, almost entirely superseded—at the same time printing with a greater degree of accuracy, with but a trifle of expense for labor, and a greater saving in the wear of the blocks.

The machine is of the utmost simplicity in the arrangement of its parts, and as easily prints half a dozen colors as one. The cloth passes over the bed of the press, and the platen making the impression at one time, a piece of carpeting twenty-five yards in length is run through the press and placed upon the frames for drying, in five minutes. When this machine, as is intended, shall be made of more durable materials and of greater solidity, it will be capable of performing an immense amount of work, making a saving of at least four-fifths of the present expense of printing by hand, and of course a corresponding reduction in the cost of the articles, which will always inure to the benefit of the consumer.

I have understood that it was the wish of Col. Rice to have erected his establishment in this city, and would have done so, had he been met with a spirit of liberality on the part of those he applied to for a location—a circumstance which, it is presumed, he has at this time no reason to regret.

Augusta, Jan. 10, 1852.

For the Maine Farmer.

SUMACH.

MR. EDITOR:—Can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me, through your columns, the method pursued in collecting the sumach. The very high price of the article at present, and which will probably continue for some time, makes it an object of interest to the consumer to inquire whether it could not be made a profitable crop at home, and save to the country the large sums sent abroad for its purchase.

VIATOR.

NOTE. We suppose that the sumach, which demands such a high price in the market, is the European sumach, brought from the Mediterranean. The sumach of this country will grow almost spontaneously if its seeds are scattered in the ground. What the comparative difference is between the two in the amount of tannin matter, we do not know. We believe that the European sumach used by tanners does not color the leather, while that of our country does.

Mr. Amos Lindsey, a tanner, who formerly carried on the tanning business at Canton Mills, used to collect large quantities of our native sumach, and he invented a mill to pulverize it for market. Since his removal from the State, we do not know as there has been anything of the kind carried on.

For the Maine Farmer.

BOILING.

MR. EDITOR:—Persons boiling sap to make sugar, or doing any other boiling work, can prevent their kettles boiling over, by hanging over the liquid boiled, a tin vessel containing cold water or snow. The liquid will boil up until it comes in contact with the cold tin, and will be checked without a delay caused by pouring in something cold. In boiling sap, the cooling vessel should be as small as possible to be serviceable, to prevent its collecting too much of the vapor, which will drop into the kettle to be boiled out again.

CALLEN COLTIER.

THE NEW YORK FARMER. Another new laborer in the agricultural field has just been received, which rejoices in the name of the New York Farmer. It is published every week, at Rome, N. Y., by Elton Comstock, Editor and Proprietor. Mr. Comstock was formerly one of the Associate Editors of the Central New York Farmer, and has subsequently been connected with the Rome Sentinel. The New York Farmer is about the size of our paper, and we have no doubt will prove an efficient co-laborer in the good cause.

AMERICAN STOCKS. A letter from London by the last steamer says the crisis in France has induced many capitalists to invest their surplus funds in American stocks. The Barings, Mr. Peabody, Messrs. Bell, Son & Co., and other holders of American stocks, have lately had numerous inquiries respecting the condition of different State and City stocks in the United States.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES. The entire value of capital invested in manufactures in this country is five hundred and thirty millions of dollars. The raw material used amounts to five hundred and fifty millions. The amount paid for labor is two hundred and forty millions of dollars. The value of manufactured articles is twelve hundred and thirty millions of dollars.

NEW KIND OF POTATOES. The editor of the Oregon Spectator lately received some potato vines, grown on the farm of Samuel Miller, Esq., adjacent to Linn City, which bore potatoes both at the roots and upon the tops—regular grown potatoes above and well as under ground.

GROWTH OF WASHINGTON. Washington City appears to be filling up her "magnificent distances." According to the Republic, 453 buildings were erected in that city during 1851.

KENNEBEC COUNTY AG. SOCIETY'S REPORT.

On Household Manufactures.

The number and variety of articles presented were more than ordinarily limited, indicating the want of a desirable degree of interest with that portion of the community who are looked to to supply this department of the Fair; still there were specimens enough offered, of peculiar and ingenious workmanship, to satisfy our Committee that this Society has the material, in all respects, necessary to present an interesting display of valuable manufactures; and the only thing needed to make the Society's Fair interesting in a high degree, and even brilliant, is an increased interest on the part of those members who have the means to produce so desirable a result.

Two pieces of carpeting only, were offered, containing the requisite number of yards, (twenty,) and each was of very desirable texture, figure and shade, and the Committee could but admire the industry and skill that produced so valuable an article from materials that nearly all families have at command, though few, comparatively, avail themselves of this really necessary piece of furniture. The Society's first premium is awarded to the piece numbered 3, (Mrs. Joseph Viner, Winthrop,) and the second premium to No. 43, (Mrs. Charlotte H. Kent, Vienna.)

In the article of hearth-rugs, there was a spirited competition. Many were exhibited of rare beauty and of superior quality, and it was difficult to determine on which the award should fall, but finally, that numbered 40, (Miss Mary G. Chesley, Winthrop,) was declared entitled to the first; and No. 29, (Mrs. Hannah Winslow,) the second premium.

There was also a beautiful "entry-rug" shown to the Committee, numbered 22, (Miss Isabella F. King, Winthrop,) and although no premium is specified for an article of this kind, it is well deserving an award, and one would have been given by your Committee had they possessed the power.

The same remark may here be made in relation to some very fine lamp-stands, wrought-irons, worsted-comforters, wrought ottoman-covers, mantle-ornaments of variegated and tastefully arranged shells, emery-cushions, very pretty, and a most splendid piece of tufted worsted work, numbered 64, (Miss Orlinda H. Foss, Leeds,)—all of which are entitled to favorable notice, but having no premiums at our disposal, the contributors perceive the only reason that none were given to them.

In this connection, your Committee would speak of some ladies' bonnets, of rich material and fashion, and finished with much taste, indicating skill and experience. The Society have ordered no premium, but ladies in want of a fashionable bonnet cannot fail to patronize the makers of these necessities.

The Society's first premium for the best pair of silk hose was given to those numbered 62, (Mrs. Geo. Plaisted, Gardiner.) Only a few dozen of men's woolen hose were presented, and to No. 26, (Mrs. Ebenezer Norris, Wayne,) is awarded the first; and to those numbered 42, (Mrs. Lewis Wood, Winthrop,) the second premium.

Two pairs of worsted hose, No. 21, (Mrs. Susannah Sampson, Readfield,) are entitled to the first premium.

Of the pieces of woolen flannel that were entered, No. 52, (Miss Polly Dudley, Readfield,) is entitled to the first; and No. 1, (Mrs. Albert Stone, Mt. Vernon,) the second premium. These goods were not of superior quality, and a slight effort of a skillful competitor would have taken the premium from those who now receive it.

A superior piece of frocking, No. 30, (Mrs. S. Kimball, Vienna,) is entitled to the first premium.

A very good piece of filled cloth, numbered 9, (Samuel Guild, Augusta,) is entitled to the first premium, and the piece numbered 11, (Miss Joel White, East Winthrop,) takes the second premium—not however, so much as a matter of merit as from a want of competition.

Of the several bed-spreads offered, No. 6, (Mrs. Patterson, Augusta,) is entitled to the first, and No. 60, (Miss Maria Crane, Fayette,) to the second premium.

Of the valuable articles for the approaching season, the woolen long-shawl is very important; but one, however, was shown to your Committee;—that was of good quality, full size, fine combination of colors, and would compare favorably with the higher priced and much celebrated "Bay States," and your Committee were at a loss to conjecture why no more of this kind were presented at the Fair, unless the ladies are decidedly opposed to the doctrine of "encouragement and protection to home industry." [Mrs. Elizabeth Coombs, Winslow.]

A hay and straw cutter presented by I. Garfield, of Augusta, was examined and pronounced a good article.

One dozen hay rakes, offered by Mr. Downs, of Mercer, were a little superior to any thing of the kind we had seen since we began to rake hay. D. P. Knowlton, of Augusta, exhibited a bedstead of very superior workmanship, and of peculiar construction. One advantage in this bedstead, as compared with those in common use, was that it offered no convenient and safe retreat for the "varmint." We think the constructor entitled to a gratuity, and would recommend that the public examine for themselves.

Luther Whitman, of Winthrop, presented several "Yankee notions." His corn sheller is a superior machine, and useful when Jack Frost forgets to pay us an early visit. We recommend to all our brother farmers to raise corn in sufficient quantity to render it necessary to procure one of friend Whitman's shellers.

Whitman's hay cutter, we think, would do a good business. His sausage meat cutter was a good thing, and in its way is a "teaser," and from its singular construction, you come to think that all meat, whether cat, dog, or what not, could be minced as fast as wanted.

The next "notion" of Whitman's was a tobacco cutter. This machine was undoubtedly

save severe labor to those who indulge freely in narcotic fumes, and from long experience, and from indulgences from boyhood, in the naturally noxious Indian weed, we recommend this machine to all those who desire short life and much misery.

His wheel jack is a cheap and useful article, as is also his apple parer.

His cultivator has merit over any other we have seen, in the form of the teeth.

Mr. Whitman has done much in introducing and improving agricultural implements in this State, and we think him richly deserving the thanks of the Society and the public generally.

R. R. & J. S. Perkins, of Newcastle, exhibited a churn, which we think deserving of notice.

James Williams & Co., of Readfield, presented some steel side-springs for wagons, which, in their finish and workmanship, appeared to be perfect. They are a useful article, and their appearance to the fair for the skill and ingenuity of the manufacturers than could any small sum of money bestowed in the form of a gratuity.

Charles H. Robie, of Readfield, offered a spool stand of fine workmanship, and we think the manufacturer would find himself richly rewarded should he bestow it upon some one of Eve's fair daughters.

John Vornus & Co., of Readfield, presented a well finished and thoroughly made air-tight stove of their manufacture, which appeared to be an improvement on those in common use. They also exhibited the "Vulcan Cook Stove."

S. Clough, of Monmouth, presented a work-box, and if the man, woman, boy or girl, who made it, has not as much patience as the man named Job, he must have a fruitful imagination and an inventive genius.

Henry Earl, of Hallowell, offered a stove boiler, of excellent workmanship. Also some tea and coffee pots of superior finish and style. The tea pots would make any old ladies' eyes sparkle with delight, provided they were filled with strong tea.

J. G. Holcomb, of Augusta, presented some Daguerotypes, well executed; and your Committee liked them well, but perhaps have liked the looks of the originals, perhaps better.

Lucius Smith, of Readfield, exhibited some goods, which are quite a novel production.

Mrs. C. W. Swanton, of Augusta, and Miss A. S. Putnam, of Readfield, presented some very fine bonnets, an article with which some of your Committee, at least, have had but little intimacy till within a few years. These bonnets were one touch beyond the sublime, and no doubt the sight of them would awaken, in the minds of some persons, a thousand or more remembrances, while beholding their form and workmanship, we conceived the idea that they cover visages correspondingly beautiful and enchanting, no one could resist the temptation of bestowing a small gratuity, at least upon what they carried.

We think the makers of these bonnets entitled to a richer gratuity than can be bestowed by the hand of this Society.

Mrs. C. W. Swanton, of Augusta, exhibited some pyramids or pyramidal towers. They were not so large or so high as the famous Pyramids of Egypt, but their construction evinced good as much skill and ingenuity. They were formed of shells, and arranged in a manner peculiar to female taste and fancy; and we offer our grateful thanks to their constructor, may ever manifest as much skill, foresight and perseverance, in the management of her domestic affairs, as is shown in the construction and finish of these pyramids.

Joel White, of East Winthrop, exhibited two fine, yellow pumpkins, one of which weighed 50 lbs., and we decide this to be the biggest pumpkin in Kennebec, for 1851.

E. S. CASE, Per order.

On Plows.

Plows were entered by Allen Lombard of Augusta, James E. Robinson of Portland, and Francis Fuller of Winthrop.

Mr. Lombard exhibited quite a number of good plows, and your Committee think him entitled to the Society's first premium for his sword-plow, No. 6.

The second premium they award to Mr. Robinson for a smaller sized plow, called the "Lion." The sub-soil plow, exhibited by Mr. Fuller, we also think entitled to a premium.

In the opinion of your Committee, and if they speak from some experience,) subsoiling is of much more importance than has generally been supposed by farmers, and they recommend the use of the subsoil plow as a sure means of improving their lands, and thereby increasing their crops.

PROGRESS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Why should man ponder o'er the olden time—
Why linger o'er the grandeur that is gone?
Sad is the vision of the Past and wan,
Mournerful her form and bearing, though sublime.
Around her towers the ivy leaves to climb,
On her great altar lies the verdant moss.
Robbing their prostate marble of its gleam,
And hiding all the glories of their prime.
Why should we sympathize with long decay?
Surely in growth there's something grander still,
The power that cuts through forest wide its way—
The force of man's unconquerable will.
The march of Progress, making us the gods
The desert place to blossom as the rose.

WINTERING MILK COWS.

Milk, one of the most wholesome and nutritious articles of food which we possess, has largely increased in consumption, from the facilities which our numerous railroads give for supplying city markets from the country. This extended demand gives a new interest to the subject of wintering milk cows—of so feeding and caring for them that they may be thrifty and healthy, and yield a large amount of milk to their owners. Good cows command a high price and pay a good profit. They should have good food and shelter, and their comfort in every respect receive the attention of the farmer or dairyman.

The New England Farmer says: "It is hardly worth while to feed meadow hay to milk cows, as it will not supply the heavy draughts made upon them while yielding eight or ten quarts of milk a day. Let that cheap fodder go to the young cattle, or the hardy oxen, for their first feeding in the morning and their last at night, during the sharp and frosty weather. With the milk cows, a full and generous supply of milk depends entirely upon a full and generous supply of the right kind of fodder. For this purpose, among the roots, carrots stand pre-eminent, if richness rather than quantity is desired. The various kinds of turnips, beets and parsnips are good, especially the latter root, and fed with dry fodder, keep the animals healthy and yielding a full flow of milk."

In England milk cows are fed principally on turnips and coarse fodder, and kept stabled during the winter. The cows have a little fresh straw or hay, and after that sliced turnips, morning, noon and evening, with fodder occasionally. Their stables are kept clean, but well littered and properly ventilated, avoiding, as far as possible, currents of air, from which cattle will suffer and take cold as well as human beings.

A proper and convenient supply of water is of much importance. Cattle should not be compelled to wander off in the bleak, cold storm to some distant pond or spring hole for drink, but should have it supplied at or near the yard if possible. When there is difficulty in getting water, owing to the distance, storms, or other causes, cattle are apt to drink too much at a time, and suffer from the amount of ice water with which they distend their stomachs. Their comfort in this respect, as well as in shelter and cleanliness is the best economy, as an animal well cared for, kept warm and clean, requires less food to keep in thrift and condition. Dr. Rush—says the paper before quoted—states in a lecture upon the advantages of studying the diseases of animals, that an improvement in the quality of the milk and an increase in the quantity are obtained by the judicious use of the card and curry-comb. We know this to be true from analogy and observation.

Where proper roots for feeding have not been secured, hay and the coarser graminæ alone, with the requisite preparations, answer very well the desired purpose. Good, well-secured hay is not less to be depended upon by milk cows, though if fed it will be better, and if they are fed a peck or so per day of shorts, bran or provender, mixed with water sufficient to thin it properly, they will continue in milk almost as long and give nearly as much as when supplied with roots. Oats and barley, or oats and corn ground together, form a good mixture for this purpose. If corn meal is used it should be mixed with cut hay or straw a little moistened, but a large quantity of this grain has a tendency to dry up the milk. Potatoes and apples are both excellent food for cows, but do not produce as rich milk as the roots. Over-feeding with concentrated food—of which, however, there is little danger—should ever be avoided. It tends to stop the flow of milk, causing disease, and sometimes the loss of the animal. [Rural New Yorker.]

SOWING GRASS SEED.

Farmers, as well as other people, like to make good bargains. Some of the worst bargains they make is with themselves. For example,—to save five dollars of seed they lose twenty dollars of hay or pasture. By way of experiment, and to exhibit the advantages of a good supply of seed, the writer sowed in the spring of 1850 a piece of ground to grass, at the rate of one bushel of seed per acre, or half a bushel of clover and the same quantity of timothy. In less than two months, the field afforded a prodigious amount of pasture, —full twice as much through the season by estimate as ordinary good pastures. The present year the grass was allowed to grow for hay, which has just been cut and drawn in, (7 mo. 10, 1851,) and the product was found to be three and a half tons per acre. Where can we find a permanent pasture or meadow that will do this? The soil was of ordinary fertility only, or would not probably have yielded more than 25 bushels of corn per acre. The amount of pasture afforded by the second growth of this grass field, fully warranted the belief that a ton and a half per acre might have been again cut, making fifteen tons of hay per acre in all, for one year.

The hay produced where plenty of grass-seed is sown, is of much better quality than where the stalks stand thin on the ground.

[Albany Cultivator.]

SKILL IN FARMING. Skill adds more to the profits of farming than hard work. In the article of butter, for instance, the same outfit is required, or nearly the same, to make a hundred pounds of poor butter as would be required to make a hundred pounds of that which is good. But, when the two articles are marketed, there may be five or six dollars of clear extra profit in the pocket of the skillful dairyman. The importance of scientific knowledge is realized by those who have found such benefits as is noted above in nearly every department of their labor.

A FARMER'S WINDMILL.

John R. Lattimer, of Delaware, has a small windmill by which he supplies a cistern holding 6,000 gallons, and furnishes water for a large garden and other domestic purposes, by running it only a few days in a month. It is so simple, and answers so admirably, that a short description may be useful to enable others to erect a similar establishment.

The tower is composed of eight posts, twenty feet high, base eight feet, and top two feet diameter, cross-fastened in the middle to give stiffness. On the top of the posts rests a cast-iron ring, or cap, in the form of a hat with top of crown cut off; the brim is bolted fast to posts, the heads being countersunk, to give free play to the collar which works around upon the cap. The shaft is supported upon two cars on the upper edge of this collar, and is turned into a crank in the center two inches long, to which is attached the piston rod, that gives a five-inch stroke to a double-acting four-inch force pump, which hangs from the bottom. The piston rod is a two-inch square ash stick, connected in the center by a swivel joint, just above where it passes through the guide. The shaft is a two-inch rod, four and one-half feet long, supporting an eight-arm center, though only four is needed, which carries four arms for sails. The arms are made somewhat ash-shaped, seven feet long, measuring from shaft. The sails, five feet by two at out end, and three at the other. The sails are set upon a level of 35 degrees, which gives the requisite twist to gain the strongest driving power. Upon the other end of the shaft is a tail, or regulator, fourteen feet long, two feet at outer, tapering to a point inward. This is made of half-inch pine, supported upon an ash shaft three by three, where it is attached to the socket, on the end of shaft, tapering to a point and split to receive the board. The outer end is elevated eighteen inches. A wire is attached to the regulator, which hangs near the ground, by which it is pulled round to bring the sails in the wind when desiring to stop the mill. To prevent it from running it is hooked to a hoop which is suspended four feet from the shaft and pivots around the tower, by which simple contrivance the tail is always with the wind. If fastened to a post, a cross wind would break it off. The weight of the sails, &c., are balanced by an iron weight on the opposite end of the shaft.

In building a mill like this, it should be put together upon the ground, and raised upon its feet, bodily. The castings were procured in New York, and cost \$10, the pump \$18, and the other materials and labor ought not to cost over \$22, making the whole cost \$50, exclusive of the conducting pipe to the cistern on the hill about 500 yards distant, and 68 feet elevation.

[The Plow.]

FARMERS CLUBS.

Now is the season for farmers clubs to hold their meetings. Nothing has yet been devised more likely to advance the best interests of agriculture, than farmers clubs. Every district has a school house, and such meetings may be held without expense. If the farmers of a neighborhood get together and spend a single hour on a conversational meeting on agriculture, some good result is sure to follow. The conversations at these meetings should be conducted diffidely, but a chairman should be appointed, a subject chosen, and such members as choose to speak should address the chair on the subject of the evening, and in this way the reading and experience of all present will become the common property of the neighborhood. We have attended many such meetings, and never without learning some new and valuable fact.

Winter evenings are long, and at this season of the year, when the farmer is not required to rise as early in the morning as in summer, he can sit up to a later

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.
The steamer Asia, with dates from Liverpool to Jan. 3d, arrived at New York on the afternoon of Friday last.

Cotton has declined 4d. The grain market has been more lively. Flour has advanced 6d. to 1s. per barrel. The Bank of England has reduced its rate 1/4 per cent.

England. The proposed loan of £300,000 for the Great Western Canada Company on the 6 per cent debentures, repayable in 1857 is completed in London.

The London Morning Advertiser states that the cause of Lord Palmerston's resignation was the interference on the part of the Prime Minister with the affairs of the Foreign Secretary. That Lord Palmerston, on ascertaining the fact, was indignant, and demanded an explanation. The answer of the Premier was vague and shuffling, and the result was a lengthy correspondence between the Foreign Secretary and the Premier. At the cabinet meeting only 9 out of 15 members were present. Sir John Russell stated that in consequence of some misunderstanding about foreign affairs, Lord Palmerston had thought fit to resign. His resignation was agreed to by the cabinet, and the real cause being understood. The Premier, it is said, wishes to place in the cabinet—in order to propitiate the people of England—liberal and independent men. On the other hand, the News says that it almost exclusively indicates treachery on the part of the Foreign Secretary. The cabinet states that a conspiracy would exist to elect to Downing street and the court of Vienna, to sacrifice Lord Palmerston, and apparently that a closer alliance may be formed between England and Austria. On the other hand, Times states that the very last act of Palmerston was to express his unqualified approbation of Napoleon's coup d'Etat.

The Morning Herald says the friends of Lord Palmerston are very indignant at his abrupt dismissal from office, and various rumors are current as to the results it is likely to produce in the cabinet. It is understood that Lord Palmerston means to bring the whole matter before Parliament, and some persons who profess to be well informed, assert that to avoid such an event, Lord John Russell will resign previous to the commencement of the session. For ourselves we are of a different opinion. We believe that the Ministers will cling to their office till the last possible moment, but it is clear that the days of the government are numbered.

France. At the latest dates Paris was perfectly tranquil.

The result of the election is as follows:
Whole number of votes, 8,116,773.
For Louis Napoleon, 7,439,246.
Against, 677,527.
Making his majority, 6,761,719.

He was inaugurated on Thursday the 1st inst. the ceremony passing off without disturbance.

On Wednesday evening M. Baroche addressed a speech to the President, on presenting the result of the votes, to which Napoleon replied as follows:

"France has comprehended that I departed from legality to return to the right. Upwards of 7,000,000 votes have absolved me. My object was to save France, and perhaps Europe, from years of trouble and anarchy. Understood with all the grandeur of my mission, I do not consider myself as to its difficulties, but with the counsel and support of all right-minded men, the devotedness of the army, and the protection which I shall tomorrow solemnly beseech Heaven to grant me, I hope to secure the destiny of France by founding institutions responding to the democratic instincts of the nation, and the desire of a strong and respected government, to create a system which re-constitutes authority without wounding the feeling of equality or creating any path of impurity, and to lay the foundation of an edifice capable of supporting a wise and beneficent liberty."

On the same evening the diplomatic corps was presented to the President. The Archbishop of Paris in his address to the President, offered his congratulations and wishes to the success of the high mission God had confided to the President. The President thanked him in a short speech.

The Globe's correspondent says that Louis Napoleon constantly assures persons about him and the diplomatic body, that he desires peace—because it is the duty of his position, and the only means of re-establishing the finances and placing the country on a firm basis. He is also anxious to see the manufacturers on a good footing in order to tranquilize the foreign governments. He will send instructions to his Ambassadors to inform the Courts a most positive assurance to maintain peace.

The facilities will henceforth be the official residence of the President.

M. Persigny has come to Belgium, to demand the extradition of the insurgents of the 2d Dec., and also for the immediate payment of the sum which the government owes to France for the expedition to Antwerp in 1851.

Denmark. Accounts from Copenhagen report that all parties are agreed not to make any further concession to Germany as regards the Duchies.

The Danish Ministry had been put in a minority on an important question relating to a credit of the Marine Service, which was refused by 33 to 25.

Austria, Prussia and Russia. The news from these countries is very contradictory. While a certain satisfaction is discerned among the absolutist parties, the liberal parties are alarmed at the ambitious propensities of Louis Napoleon, and active military operations are observable everywhere.

At Mayence the military evolutions are incessant.

The official project of Prussia continues to assume a more decided tone. It is argued that Austria is endeavoring to establish a centralization in Continental matters that would introduce elements of discord into the German Empire. Austria wishes to increase the value of its paper money, by circulating it beyond her frontiers.

A great and favorable impression is described to Lord Palmerston at Vienna by the designation of Lord Palmerston as ambassador to Austria.

According to Vienna papers the Turkish fleet is to be reduced, and Austria intends purchasing of the Porte two war steamers.

Editors of the Hungarian journals have been obliged to send into the authorities a list of their subscribers.

The Austrians have sent to England to buy five new steamers for her service.

The deficiency of Hungary is so alarming that an Austrian commissioner has been sent with a view to establish magazines at the expense of the Government.

Turkey. Letters from Constantinople express no little alarm about the events in France.

An intuitive feeling respecting Egypt has caused deliberations in the councils of the Porte.

The Sultan of Turkey has issued a decree in favor of his Christian subjects, securing to them freedom of meeting and the registry of their births and marriages.

Perusia. Persia has become the scene of frightful confusion. The downfall of Mirza Khan, who has been Prime Minister since 1848, had been followed by complete anarchy.

India and China. The overland mail brings Bombay dates to Dec. 23d, Calcutta dates to Nov. 23d. A new riot had taken place among the Marsees at Bombay, but tranquillity was restored. The forces of Sir C. Campbell met with no opposition; the same is the case with the Kohat forces. The troops stationed at Moolan had received orders to be ready for immediate service.

The reported death of Dost Mohammed, is without confirmation.

A Good Yield. Mr. Wm. B. Foss, of Garland, raised the past season from 74 bushels of seed 1000 bushels of Spring Wheat on 33 acres of land. This wheat yields 46 pounds of excellent flour per bushel. Mr. Foss has gone to California. [Bangor Jeffersonian.]

LEGISLATIVE COMPEND.

SENATE. The Senate resumed its session on Tuesday, Jan. 13. On motion of Mr. Walker, the question on the passage of the resolution was divided as to take a separate vote on each article, and the first resolution was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The second resolution was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The third resolution was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The fourth resolution, making it the duty of the Secretary of State to communicate to the House the annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The fifth resolution, making it the duty of the Secretary of State to communicate to the House the annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The sixth resolution, making it the duty of the Secretary of State to communicate to the House the annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The seventh resolution, making it the duty of the Secretary of State to communicate to the House the annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The eighth resolution, making it the duty of the Secretary of State to communicate to the House the annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The ninth resolution, making it the duty of the Secretary of State to communicate to the House the annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The tenth resolution, making it the duty of the Secretary of State to communicate to the House the annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. The eleventh resolution, making it the duty of the Secretary of State to communicate to the House the annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, was passed, yeas 29, nays 11. 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HOUSE. A communication was received from the Board of Commissioners, taking ground against the free banking project.

The committee on the judiciary was directed to inquire into the expediency of admitting Indians to the rights of citizens.

Mr. Hancock presented a petition from Wm. Percival and others, of China, alleging claims in the management of the Indian Hospital, and asking a legislative investigation. A debate arose, relative to the character and reception of such petitions, in which several members of the House took part. The committee on similar ones, was received and laid on the table.

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS.
MONDAY, JAN. 19.
The Senate resumed its session on Monday, Jan. 19. Mr. Hamilton, from the committee on commerce, reported a bill in favor of a marine hospital at Portland, Me.

Mr. Seward presented a memorial from five hundred citizens of New York, asking the President to remove the statue of John Jay from the grounds of the Executive Mansion, and to place it on the grounds of the State Capitol at Albany. Referred to the committee on foreign relations.

Mr. Stockton presented petitions against flogging in the Navy.

HOUSE. A bill to defray the expenses of the late fire in the State Capitol, and to provide for the reconstruction of the building, was passed.

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leaving the order as a reference to the judiciary. Negative.

The question being put on the order, there were 41 yeas and 19 nays.

A call of the House was made. Negative.

The yeas and nays were asked for. Negative.

The question was again put—60 in the affirmative, 3 in the negative. No quorum.

Mr. Noyes of Belfast moved to amend by inserting after the word "government," the words, "and the Indian Hospital." Negative. No quorum.

Mr. Farley moved indefinite postponement. Negative.

By a majority of yeas, motion to adjourn. Lost.

Mr. Foster of East Machias moved to amend so as to remove the State Prison to Portland. Negative.

Mr. Chapman of Biddeford moved to amend so as to remove Portland to State Prison. Not in order.

After some further sportive discussion the order was passed, 89 to 45.

MONDAY, JAN. 19.
Several petitions were presented and referred.

HOUSE. A communication was received from the Board of Commissioners, taking ground against the free banking project.

The committee on the judiciary was directed to inquire into the expediency of admitting Indians to the rights of citizens.

Mr. Hancock presented a petition from Wm. Percival and others, of China, alleging claims in the management of the Indian Hospital, and asking a legislative investigation. A debate arose, relative to the character and reception of such petitions, in which several members of the House took part. The committee on similar ones, was received and laid on the table.

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS.
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Mr. Hancock presented

The Muse.

For the Farmer.
TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Sweet, blooming infant! While you rest,
Do pleasing visions fill your breast!
Or do bright angels, hovering near,
Breathe their soft music in your ear,
Which makes that sweet and placid smile
Bedeck your features all the while?

When our great Saviour came to earth,
Angels bore his precious infant birth;
And in cherubim they hover near,
Although their songs we cannot hear,
To guard each lovely infant lead,
While sleeping in its cradle bed.

Sleep on, sweet babe—in slumber rest!
No troubles now your peace molest;
Your little limbs, at close of day,
Can rest from all their mortal play,
And in cherubim's arms you lie,
While dewy curtains round you close.

Thy darling parents view, with joy,
Their lovely, smiling, infant boy,
While sleeping in their fond embrace,
They gaze upon his rosy face,
And feel that pleasure never known
Save by a parent's heart alone.

Sweet infant! While I gaze on thee,
Methinks an impress, I can see,
Of Innocence, with angel grace,
And purity of heart and face,
With beauty that may well compare
With crowns that kings and princes wear.

Such innocence, combined with love,
Resembling angels far above,
Has oftentimes made us believe
The sinful deed which mother Eve
Effected, by her subtle art,
Ne'er reached thy tender, infant heart.

You now are launched on life's rough tide,
Where troubles, care and sin abide;
Where dangers lurk on every shore,
There many trials may be found;
But still, thy infant mind, as yet,
Knows not the conflict to be met.

Though childhood's trials oft arise,
To dim awhile thy summer skies,
Yet short and fleeting is their view
As morning clouds and early dew,
But when the stormy winds come on,
Nur linger for one transient day.

While gazing on the placid hue,
We ne'er can tell—we know not how
To trace thy future steps around
This earth, where changing scenes abound
We know not what thy lot may be,
While sailing o'er life's stormy sea.

Sweet lad of promise! Now you share
Your tender parents' fostering care,
And in their arms you rest and sleep,
By watching o'er them, day by day,
And when life's wintry hours appear,
May thy fond care their spirits cheer.

And thus the sacred promise claim,
While their best good is all your aim;
And when these earthly scenes are o'er,
May you to those blest regions soar,
Where angels dwell in peace and joy,
And angels worship round the throne.

July, January, 1852.

The Story-Teller.

From the National Era.
JENNY LAWSON.
—
BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

Mark Clifford had come up from New York to spend a few weeks with his maternal grandfather, Mr. Lofton, who lived almost alone on his beautiful estate a few miles from the Hudson, and the rich valleys of Orange county. Mr. Lofton belonged to one of the oldest families in the country, and retained a large portion of that aristocratic pride for which they were distinguished. His marriage of his daughter to Mr. Clifford, a merchant of New York, had been strongly opposed, on the ground that the alliance was disadvantageous—Mr. Clifford not being able to boast of an ancestor who was anything more than an honest man and a useful citizen. A closer acquaintance with his son-in-law, after the marriage took place, reconciled Mr. Lofton in a good measure to the union; for he found Mr. Clifford to be a man of fine intelligence, gentlemanly bearing, and, withal, tenderly attached to his daughter.

The marriage was a happy one; and this is the case when the external and selfish desire to make a good family connection is regarded with moderation, and the qualities on which a young man only can be based.

A few years previous to the time at which our story opens, Mr. Clifford died, leaving one son and two daughters. Mark, the oldest of the children, was in his seventeenth year at the time of his father's death—benevolence occurred—the girls were reared by their mother. He had always been an active boy, and disposed to get beyond the judicious restraints which his parents wisely sought to throw around him. After his mother's death, he attained a wider liberty. He was still at college, and this melancholy event occurred, and continued there for two years; but, no longer in correspondence with, and therefore not under the influence of, one whose love for him sought ever to hold him back from evil, his natural temperament led him into the indulgence of a liberty that was often went beyond the bounds of propriety.

On leaving college, Mr. Clifford conferred with his father's friends, and they decided on his touching the profession of a lawyer, and to his surprise he consented to him being so. During the year, he was sent to the college of law, and he was very successful. The young man was far from being vain and nothing else.

Mark Clifford yielded at last to the desire of his son, Mr. Clifford entered the usual form of application at the Navy Yard in Washington, but at the same time, in a private letter to the Secretary, intimated his wish that the application might not be favorably considered.

Time passed on, but Mark did not receive the anxiously looked for appointment. Many reasons were conjectured by the young man, who at last resolved on pushing through his application, and personal efforts could be of any avail. To this end he repaired to the seat of government, and was received on the Secretary.

During his interviews with this functionary, some of his friends were stopped that caused a suspicion of the truth that was through his mind. A series of rapidly recurring questions addressed to the Secretary, were answered in such a way that fully confirmed this suspicion. The effect of this upon the excitable and impulsive young man will appear as our story progresses.

It was while Mark's application was pending, and a short time before his visit to Washington, that he came up to Fairview, the residence of his grandfather. Mark had always been a favorite with the old gentleman, who rather encouraged his desire to enter the navy.

"The boy will distinguish himself," Mr. Lofton would say, as he thought over the matter, and the idea of distinction, in the army or navy, was grateful to his aristocratic feelings. There was some of the right blood in his veins for all that.

One morning, some two or three days after his coming home up to Fairview, he was returning from a ramble in the woods with his gun, when he met a beautiful young girl, simply attired, and bearing on her head a light bundle of straw, which she had gleaned in a neighboring field. She was tripping lightly along, singing as merrily as a bird, when she came suddenly upon

an instant glow, over whose face there passed an
young man of admiration. Mark bowed and
smiled, the maiden dropped a bashful courtesy,
and then each passed on—both neither to forget
the other.

When Mark turned, after a few steps, to gaze
after the sweet wild-flower he had met so unex-
pectedly, he saw the face again, for she had
turned also. He did not go home on that even-
ing until he had seen the lovely being, who
glanced before him in her native beauty, enter a
neat little cottage that stood half a mile from
Fairview, nearly hidden by vines, and overshadowed
by two tall sycamores.

On the next morning, Mark took his way to
attend the cottage with his gun. As he drew
near, the sweet voice he had heard on the day
before was warbling tenderly an old song his
mother had sung when he was but a child; and
with the air and words, so well remembered,
came gentleness of feeling, and a love of what
was pure and innocent, such as he had not ex-
perienced for many years.

In this state of mind he entered the little porch,
and stood listening for several minutes to the
voice that still flung itself plaintively or joyfully
upon the air, according to the sentiment breathed
in the words that were clothed in music; then
as the voice became silent, he rapped gently on
the door, which, in a few moments, was opened
by the one whose attractions had drawn him
thither.

A warm color mantled the young girl's face as
her eyes fell upon so unexpected a visitor. She
remembered him as the young man she had met
on the evening before; about whom she had
dreamed all night, and thought much since the
early morning.

Mark bowed, and, as an excuse for calling,
asked if her mother was at home.

"My mother died when I was but a child,"
replied the girl, shrinking back a step or two;
for Mark was gazing earnestly into her face.

"Ah! Then you are living with your—"
your—"

"Mrs. Lee has been a mother to me since
then," said she, dropping her eyes to the floor.

"Then I will see the good woman who has
taken your mother's place."

Mark stepped in as he spoke, and took a chair
in the neat little sitting room into which the door
opened.

"She has gone over to Mr. Lofton's," said the
girl in reply, "and won't be back for an hour."

"Has she, indeed? Then you know Mr.
Lofton?"

"Oh, yes. We know him very well. He
owns our little cottage."

"Does he? No doubt you find him a good
landlord."

"He is, a kind man," said the girl, earnestly.

"How, as I have, good reason to know," re-
marked the young man. "Mr. Lofton is my
grandfather."

The girl seemed much surprised at this avowal,
and appeared less at ease than before.

"Now, having told you who I am," said
Mark, "I think I may be bold enough to ask
your name."

"My name is Jenny Lawson," replied the girl.

"A pretty name, that—Jenny—I always liked
the sound of it. My mother's name was Jenny.
Did you ever see my mother? But don't tremble
so! Sit down, and tell your fluttering heart to
be still."

Jenny sunk into a chair, her bosom heaving,
and the crimson flush still glowing on her cheeks,
while Mark gazed into her face with undisguised
admiration.

"Who would have thought," said he to him-
self, "that so sweet a wild-flower grew in this
out of the way place!"

"Did you ever see my mother, Jenny?" asked
the young man, after she was a little composed.

"Mrs. Clifford?"

"Yes."

"Then we will be friends, from this moment,
Jenny. You knew my mother, then you must
have loved her. She has been dead now over
three years."

There was a shade of sadness in the young
man's voice as he said this.

"When did you see her last?" he resumed.

"The summer before she died she came up
from New York and spent two or three weeks
here. I saw her then, almost every day."

"And you loved my mother? Say you did!"

The young man spoke with a rising emotion
that he could not restrain.

"Every body loved her," replied Jenny, sim-
ply and earnestly.

For a few moments Mark concealed his face
with his hands, to hide the signs of feeling that
were playing over it; then looking up again, he
said—

"Jenny, because you knew my mother and
loved her, we must be friends. It was a great
loss to when she died. The greatest loss I
ever had, or, it may be, ever will have. I have
been worse since then. Ah me! If she had only
lived!"

Again Mark covered his face, with his hands,
and, this time, he could not keep the dimness
from his eyes.

It was a strange rite to Jenny to see the
young man thus moved. Her innocent heart
was drawn toward him with a pitying interest,
and she yearned to speak words of comfort, but
knew not what to say.

After Mark grew composed again, he asked
Jenny a great many questions touching her
knowledge of his mother; and listened with
deep interest and emotion to many little incidents
of Jenny's intercourse with her, which were re-
lated with all the artlessness and force of truth.

In the midst of this singular interview Mrs. Lee
came in and surprised the young couple, who,
forgetting all reserve, were conversing with an
interest in their manner, the ground of which
she might well misunderstand. Jenny started
and was thus confounded, but quickly recovering her-
self, introduced Mark as the grandson of Mr.
Lofton.

The old lady did not respond to this with the
cordiality that either of the young folks had ex-
pected. No, not by any means. A flush of an-
guish suspicion came in her face, and she said to
Jenny, as she handed her the bonnet she hurriedly
removed—

"Here—take this into the other room and put
it away."

The moment Jenny retired, Mrs. Lee turned to
Mark, and after looking at him somewhat sternly
for a moment, surprised him with this speech:

"If I ever find you here again, young man,
I'll complain to your grandfather."

"Will you, indeed?" returned Mark, elevating
his person, and looking at the old lady with
flashing eyes. "And pray what will you say to
the old gentleman?"

"Fine doubts, indeed, for the likes o' you to
come creeping into a decent woman's house
when she's away!" resumed Mrs. Lee. "Jenny is
not here. What you're looking after, let me tell
you. What would your poor dear mother, who is
now in heaven, God bless her! think, if she
knew of this?"

The respectful and ever affectionate references
to his mother, softened the feelings of Mark who
was growing very angry.

"Good morning, old lady," said he, as he turned
away, "you don't know what you're talking
about!" and springing from the door, he hurried
off with rapid steps. On reaching a wood that

at some distance off, Mark sought a retired spot, near where a quiet stream went stealing noiselessly along amid its alder and willow-fringed banks, and sitting down upon a grassy spot, gave himself up to meditation. Little inclined was he now for sport. The birds sang in the trees above him, fluttered from branch to branch, and even dipped their wings in the calm waters of the stream, but he heeded them not. He had other thoughts. Greatly had old Mrs Lee, in the blindness of her suddenly aroused fears, wronged the young man. If the sphere of innocence that was around the beautiful girl had not been all powerful to subdue evil thoughts and passions in his breast, the reference to his mother would have been effectual to the end.

At an hour when Mark remained seated alone, busy with thoughts and feelings of a less wandering and adventurous character than usually occupied his mind, when, to his surprise, he saw Jenny Lawson advancing along a path that led through a portion of the woods, with a basket on her arm. She did not observe him until she had approached within some fifteen or twenty paces; when he arose to his feet, and she seeing him, stopped suddenly, and looked pale and alarmed.

"I am glad to meet you again, Jenny," said Mark, going quietly toward her, and taking her hand, which she yielded without resistance.—"Don't be frightened. Mrs. Lee did wrong. Heaven knows I would not hurt a hair of your head! Come and sit down with me, and let me talk about my mother. You say you knew her and loved her. Let her memory make us friends."

Mark's voice trembled with feeling. There was something about the girl that made the thought of his mother a holier and tenderer thing. He had loved his mother intensely, and since her death had felt her loss as the saddest calamity that had, or possibly ever could, befall him.—And now the goodness of human life, he had seemed like a mariner without helm or compass. Strangely enough, since meeting with Jenny at the cottage a little while before, the thought of her appeared to bring his mother nearer to him; and when so unexpectedly, he saw her approaching him in the woods, he felt momentarily, that it was his mother's spirit guiding her thither.

Urged by so strong an appeal, Jenny suffered herself to be led to the retired spot where Mark had been reclining, half wondering, half fearful, yet impelled by a certain feeling that she could not well resist. In fact each exercised a power over the other, a power not arising from any determination of will, but from certain spiritual affinity that neither comprehended. Some have called this "destiny," but it has a better name.

"Jenny," said Mark, after they were seated—he still retained her hand in his, and felt it tremble—"tell me something about my mother. It will do me good to hear about her from your lips."

The girl tried to make some answer, but found no utterance. Her lips trembled so that she could not speak. But she grew more composed after a time, and then in reply to many questions from Mark, related an incident, in which his mother's goodness of character stood prominently. The young man listened intently, sometimes with his eyes upon the ground, and sometimes gazing adoringly into the sweet face of the young speaker.

Time passed more rapidly than either Mark or Jenny imagined. For full an hour had they been engaged in earnest conversation, when both were painfully surprised by the appearance of Mrs. Lee, who had sent Jenny on an errand and expected her early return. A suspicion that she might encounter young Clifford, having flashed through the old woman's mind, she had come forth to learn if possible, the cause of Jenny's long absence. To her grief and anger she discovered them sitting together, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Now, Mark Clifford," she exclaimed as she advanced, "you are too bad! And Jenny, you weak and foolish girl! are you madly bent on seeking the fowler's snare! Child, child! is it this you repay me for my love and care over you?"

Both Mark and Jenny started to their feet, the face of the former flushed with instant anger, and that of the other pale from alarm.

"Come," and Mrs. Lee took hold of Jenny's arm and drew her away. As they moved off, she glanced back at Mark, and shaking her finger towards him, said—

"I'll see your grandfather, young man."

Filled by the sudden disturbance of an interview with Jenny, and angry at an unjust imputation of motive, Mark dashed into the woods, with his gun in his hands, and walked rapidly but silently for nearly an hour, when he found himself at the summit of a high mountain, from which, far down and away toward the east, he could see the silvery Hudson winding along like a vein of silver. Here, wearied from his walk, and faint in spirit from over-excitement, he sat down to compose his thoughts. Scarcely intelligible to himself were his feelings. The meeting with Jenny, and the effect upon him were things he did not clearly understand. Her influence over him was a mystery. In fact, what had passed so hurriedly, was to him more like a dream than a reality.

No further idea of sport entered the mind of the young man on that day. He remained until after the sun had passed the meridian, in this retired place, and then went slowly back, passing the cottage of Mrs. Lee on his return. He did not see Jenny as he had hoped. On meeting Mr. Lofston, Mark became aware of a change in the old man's feelings towards him, and he guessed at once rightly as to the cause. If he had experienced any doubts they would have been quickly resolved.

Mr. Lofston said the old gentleman, sternly, almost the moment the grandson came into his presence, "I wish you to go back to New York to-morrow. I presume I need hardly explain my reason for this wish, when I tell you that I have just had a visit from old Mrs. Lee."

The fiery spirit of Mark was stung into madness by this further reaction on him in a matter that involved nothing of criminal intent. Impulsive in his feelings, and quick to act from them, he replied with a calmness and even sadness in his voice that Mr. Lofston did not expect—the calmness was from a strong effort—the sadness expressed his real feelings.

"I will not trouble you with my presence an hour longer. If evil arise from this trampling of good impulse out of my heart, the sin rests on your own head. I never was, and never can be pained under a false judgment. Farwell, grandfather. We must meet again."

If you hear of evil befalling me, think of it as having some connection with this hour."

With these words Mark turned away and left the house. The old man, in grief and alarm at the effect of his words, called after him, but he heeded him not.

"Run after him, and tell him to come back," he cried to a servant who stood near, and had listened to what had passed between them. The order was obeyed, but it was of no avail. Mark returned a better answer to the message he brought him and continued on his way. As he was hurrying along, suddenly he encountered Jenny. It was strange that he should meet her so often.—There was something in it more than accident, and he felt that it was so.

"God bless you, Jenny!" he exclaimed with fervent feeling, catching hold of her hand and kissing it. "We may never meet again. They thought I meant you harm, and have driven me away. But heaven knows how little of evil purpose was in my heart. Farewell! Sometimes when you are kneeling to say your nightly prayers, think of me and breathe my name in your petitions. I will need the prayers of the innocent. Farewell!"

And under the impulse of the moment, Mark bent forward, and pressed his lips fervently upon her forehead, then, springing away, left her bewildered in tears.

Mark hurried on towards the nearest landing place on the river, some three miles distant, which he reached just as a steambot was passing. Waving his handkerchief as a signal, the boat rounded to, and touching at the rude pier took him on board. He arrived in New York that evening, and on the next morning started for Washington to see after his application for a midshipman's appointment in the navy. It was on this occasion that the young man became aware of the secret influence of his father against the application which had been made. His mind, already feverishly excited, lost its balance under this new disturbing cause.

"He will repent this," said he bitterly, and he left the room of the Secretary of the Navy. "And repeat it until the day of his death. Make a fixture of me in a counting-room—shut me up in a lawyer's office—look me down in a medicine chest! Mark Clifford will never submit! If I cannot enter the service in one way I will in another."

Without pausing to weigh the consequence of his act, Mark in a spirit of revenge towards his father, went, while the fever was on him, to the Navy Yard, and there entered the United States service as a common sailor, under the name of Edward James. On the day following, the ship on board of which he had enlisted was gliding down the Potomac, and in a week after, left Hampton Roads and went to sea.

From Norfolk, Clifford received a brief note written by his son, upbraiding him for having defeated the application to the department, and avowing the fact that he had gone to sea in the government service, as a common sailor.

It was impossible for such passionate interviews, brief though they were, to take place without leaving on the heart of a simple minded girl like Jennie Lawson, a deep impression. New impulses were given to her feelings, and a new direction to her thoughts. Nature told her that Mark Clifford loved her; and nothing but his cold disavowal of the fact, could possibly have affected this belief. He had met her, it was true, only three or four times; but their interviews during these meetings had been of a character to leave no ordinary effect behind. So long as her eyes dimmed by overflowing tears, could follow Mark's retiring form, she gazed eagerly after him; and when he was at length hidden from her view, she sat down to pour out her heart in passionate weeping.

Old Mrs. Lee, while she tenderly loved the sweet flower that had grown up under her care, was not, in all things, a wise and discreet woman; nor deeply versed in the workings of the human heart.

Rumor of Mark's wildness had found its way to the neighborhood of Fairview, and made an unfavorable impression. Mrs. Lee firmly believed that he was moving with swift feet in the way to destruction, and rolling over under his tongue as a worst morsel. When she heard of his arrival at his grandfather's, a fear came upon her lest he should cast his eyes upon Jenny. No wonder that she met the young man with such a quick repulse, when to her alarm she found that he had invaded her home, and was already charming the ear of the innocent child so she tenderly loved and cared for. To find them sitting alone together, leaning on the heart of a simple minded girl like Jennie Lawson, a deep impression. New impulses were given to her feelings, and a new direction to her thoughts. Nature told her that Mark Clifford loved her; and nothing but his cold disavowal of the fact, could possibly have affected this belief. He had met her, it was true, only three or four times; but their interviews during these meetings had been of a character to leave no ordinary effect behind. So long as her eyes dimmed by overflowing tears, could follow Mark's retiring form, she gazed eagerly after him; and when he was at length hidden from her view, she sat down to pour out her heart in passionate weeping.

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his hands, and I saw the tears coming through his fingers. 'Because you knew my mother, and loved her, Jenny,' said he, 'we will be friends.' Afterwards he asked a great many questions about her, and listened with the tears in his eyes, when I told him of many things she had said and done the last time she was up here. We were talking together about his mother, when Mrs. Lee came in. She spoke cross to him, and threatened to complain to you, if he came there any more. He went away angry. But I'm sure he meant nothing wrong, sir. How could he, as I ask as he did about his mother in heaven?"

"No! how could you meet him in the woods, Jenny?" said Mr. Lofton. "Did he tell you that he would wait there for you?"

"Oh, no, sir. The meeting was accidental. I was sent over to Mrs. Jasper's on an errand, and in passing through the woods, saw him sitting alone and looking very unhappy. I was frightened; but he told me he wouldn't hurt a hair of my head. Then he made me sit down upon the grass beside him, and talk to him about his mother. He asked me a great many questions, and I told him all that I could remember about her. Sometimes the tears would swell up on my cheeks; and sometimes he would say—"Ah! if my mother had not died. Her death was a great loss to me. Jenny—a great loss—and I have been worse for it."

"And was this all you talked about, Jenny?" asked Mr. Lofton, who was much affected by the arid narrative of the girl.

"It was all about his mother," replied Jenny.

"He said that I not only bore her name, but that I looked like her, and that it seemed to him, while with me, that she was present."

"Did she that, did he?" Mr. Lofton spoke more earnestly, and looked intently upon Jenny's face.

"Yes—yes—it is so. She does look like dear Jenny," he murmured to himself. "I never saw this before. Dear boy! We have done him wrong. These hasty conclusions—ah, me! To how much evil do they lead."

"And you were talking thus, when Mrs. Lee found you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did she say?"

"I can hardly tell what she said, I was so frightened. But I know she spoke angrily to him and to me, and threatened to see you."

Mr. Lofton sighed deeply, then added, as if the remark were casual—

"And that is the last you have seen of him."

"No sir; I met him a little while ago, as he was hurrying away from your house."

"You did!" Mr. Lofton started at Jenny's unexpected reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes; he stopped and caught hold of my hand, saying, 'God bless you, Jenny!' We may never meet again. They have driven me away, but I cannot do nothing I want to learn you."

"Did he thought wrong was in his heart, and asked me to pray for him, as he would need my prayers."

At this part of her narrative, Jenny wept bitterly, and her auditor's eyes became dim also.

Satisfied that Jenny's story was true in every particular, Mr. Lofton spoke kindly to her, and sent her home.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

DON'T BET.

AMASA MAY was cured of betting. How?—Keep quiet and I'll tell you.

Not a suspicious look on Amasa Plain lived Lem Seaver. Bob Emmons and Amasa May and Lem was fond of shooting, could shoot well, and was rather proud of it. It happened on a bright October day that he had been hunting the coveys on the Newton side of the pond, and came home by the old barn where Bob Emmons was at work. After a little talk, Lem left his gun and fixing himself outside, and went into the barn to look at the cattle, and finally passed through to the cider mill, which stood just beyond; for a half a day's tramp in the woods makes a man dry, who had better believe. While he was gone, Bob, who was always at the bottom of all the devilry done in the vicinity, dropped an extra charge or shot into each barrel of the gun, and stood by waiting for fun. Presently Amasa came up the road with a new hat on, and the half formed plan that floated in the brain of Bob was instantly completed and put into action, as follows:

"Hailing Amasa, 'come quick,'" said he, "let's have some fun with Lem. We'll draw out our shot, and bet he can't hit your hat."

"Capital good idea," replied Amasa. "Lem thinks he can shoot; we'll open his eyes, hey?"

Bob carefully drew out *all the shot* he had just put in, and put the gun back where he found it. Just then Lem came back, having sucked cider enough to make himself comfortable, and prepared to go.

"Hallo, Lem," said Amasa, "what are you totting that shooting iron about for?"

"Oh, it's a w'y I w'y I have," replied Lem; "sometimes I get a chance to shoot, and then I most always hit."

"Bet you can't hit my hat—six rods," exclaimed Amasa; "bet an oyster supper for the boys to-night."

"Done," says Lem, "set it up!"

Amasa put his hat on a post, and measured the six rods, almost bursting with suppressed laughter at the imaginary idea of Lem's looks when he should find that he couldn't hit a hat at six rods; Bob, also, chuckling at the prospect of the success of his plan, and Lem pleased with the idea of winning the bet. He brought the gun to his face to fire.

"Double your bet, and give it both barrels," says Amasa.

"Aye! aye!" replied Lem, and he did drive right and left in quick succession. Before the smoke rolled away, Amasa jumped forward with a shout and a laugh to show Lem that he could not hit his hat in the daylight! But—where was it? Bits of fur, here and there, and a miserable dilapidated *irreer* of a hat, that looked as if all the woodcocks in Norfolk county had stuck their bills through it, was the sight to greet his eyes. The sudden and instantaneous change of his countenance told Bob who had lost the wager.

And that was the way Amasa was cured of betting. [Carpet Bag.]

"Pompey, did you take the billet to Mr. Jones?"

"Es, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Es, sar, he jus did."

"How was he?"

"Woy, massa, he looked poorly well, 'siding ering he so blind!"

"Blind? what do you mean by that?"

"Woy, massa, when I was in de room, a gibbing him de paper, he axed me who was my hat, and gorryity massa, perhaps you won't believe me, he wur on de top ob my head de bul time."

INFANTILE COURAGE AND GENEROSITY.

Two bulls of equal bravery, although by no means equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a laird's house in the Highlands of Scotland, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son—a boy between five and six years of age—belaboring with a stiff cudgel the stouter of the belligerents. "Dougald, Dougald, what are you about?" exclaimed the afflicted mother. "Helping the little bull," was the gallant reply.

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